

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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GEO. O. BARNES IN SCOTLAND

"PRAISE THE LORD"

PETERHEAD, SCOTLAND, }  
LAIN'S HOTEL, Dec. 4, 1883. }

Dear Interior:

"This is your hour and the power of darkness," He said as He gave Himself up to die for sinners. "Hulls of Babylon" glared at Him; fiends mocked Him—devils and men; the light of God's love went out for Him, not because it was not there, but the cloud was so black He could not see it. O, the cruel cry from the "blackness of darkness!" My God, why hast Thou forsaken; and then the fight was over forever; death and hell doomed; Satan destroyed; and life and immortality blooming over all. Praise Him who did it all for us poor sinners! "Led up by the Spirit" of LOVE to be tempted; led up by the same Spirit of LOVE to be slain by the devil; yet "by death destroying him that had the power of death that is the devil." O, how surely is that sentence given me by the rough sailor the quint essence of all true theology: "A good God and a bad devil." That explains all.

"But God 'visits the iniquities,' do you say? Yes, as he visits hell upon a lost soul—standing helplessly by and weeping. Witness God's tears in the person of His Son, over Jerusalem. Yes, as He visited Job with boils—still helplessly, with grief, beholding what Job's 'vileness' unconfeessed, brought on himself. Yes, as He visited David's sin in the sword 'that never left his house,' because helplessly he stood by, while his poor child reaped as he had sown. Yes, 'visits' as he does whenever calamity overtakes us that even His LOVE can not avert; His power can not avert, by reason of our suicidal folly in putting ourselves where Satan can reach us, instead of abiding in His LOVE, where 'that wicked one toucheth us not.' It all clears like a land-scape coming from under a cloud as black as night. Adieu to the nightmare of my life, 'the awful mystery' that God struck at the innocent for the crimes of the guilty. Only once was He pleased when this was done in the history of His glorious government and that was when the Son of His LOVE swallowed up death in victory by voluntarily submitting to it fully, and once for all, in order that the cursed deed might be abolished forever. Why else should one blessed feature of millennial glory be, that 'it shall no more be said the fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge.' Blessed return to the only just rule in any government—recognized by the common consent of all true hearts—"the soul that sinneth it shall die;" and even that abolished by our Savior bearing our sins in His own body on the tree—so making everlasting settlement of our debt.

And so the bug-bear of a life vanishes, never as a puff of vapor in the presence of that magic sentence "God is love and nothing else." Now we need not fear to let our instructive sense of right and wrong, implanted by God Himself, have its way. The soul need no longer fear to follow the voice of God within which once seemed at daggers drawn with the voice of His word without. There was no real discrepancy. Alas! the misinterpretation of the word without was all our own.

No longer need we witness a struggle between our loyalty to God and our loyalty to the sense of right within us, recoiling from the dread proposition that such a horrible thing could be right; and yet held as in a vice by the thought that it must be right, somehow, because God did it. Then the weary sinking back after the fierce struggle into the opiate slumber of—"I shall see it all when I get to heaven." And then again to be awakened to fresh torment by the unanswered cry of God within us saying, "Right is right and wrong is wrong." And then the old fight over and over again. Who does not know the verity of that which I am writing, if they have ever thought on scripture at all and the great problems of life and death.

Thanks be to God for this conflict, over forever. It is enough to fight the devil, without having to fight one's God every day.

Dear reader, "The LORD give thee understanding in all things!" This master key will fit every lock. It will not fail thee in the hour of trial. Only "hny the truth and sell it not." Our God has but one name, That is LOVE. "I will set Him on high because He hath known my name." May you know it. Ever in Jesus,  
GEO. O. BARNES.

DEC. 4th.—Scotland has glorious sunsets heretofore and this morning the clouds are full of beauty; so that Marie stands raving at the window, calling us up alternately from our various tasks to "do come and see," until we have subsided into dogged resistance and refuse to be enticed into insane dashes at the window, with work or writing-desk in hand. So she has it all to herself and is "Oh oh-ing" away at a great rate, while I write this. The night was awful, following a dreary day of rain, snow,

hail—a very jumble of the devil's unpleasant things, and each element more disagreeable than the other. The gorgeous light of this morning's sunshining on the retreating storm-clouds of the past night, brings to mind and heart how lovingly our God lading what he can to chase away earth's storms and darkness. O, blessed day, now so soon to come, with never an evening nor a cloud. Clouds are horrid things, save as a back ground to paint a rainbow on, or a reflector of God's blessed sunlight. That can glorify them and solve again God's riddle, that "Out of the eater comes forth meat." Bringing a blessing out of a curse, is a very different thing from sending a curse; unless indeed darkness is light after all and "bitter, sweet" and pain, pleasure; while our supposed differences are only imaginary ones. If that be so, let us all turn *Hophianians* and be heartily willing to be damned for the glory of God, since our damnation will only prove a blessing, if decreed by Him. Legions and legions, wrought out in a deeply thinking brain and irresistibly true, if once the false premises be allowed, that the LORD does anything unpleasant or disagreeable or damnable.

Our good fisher friend, Chailey Alexander, I have not before introduced, but he will always be associated in kindly memory with our Peterhead visit, for his undying attendance at the meetings, his lucid and graphic descriptions of lobster fishing, of which department he makes a specialty; and his deep indignation at the backwardness of his brethren of the net and line in confessing Jesus—so precious to him. His Scotch is very broad, but very musical and quite intelligible to us, so rapidly have we picked up the various intonations with the ear; though the tongue refuses to reproduce them. At first broad scotch was no much a foreign language to us, almost, as French or German. Bro. Chailey was unaccounted among the first for bodily healing and his faith is very simple. Once in a while he does his "best blues" and favors us with a visit and last night held Marie's hand until she promised to come to his cottage, if but a few minutes before going "awa"—pronouncing the last word with a gulp that told unmistakably his deep regret. The dear fellow a few days ago made his appearance one morning, swathed in his "blues," (a fisherman always looks fearfully bundled up when in his Sunday togethery, and only appears at his best in boots and a "non-wester"), with a mysterious package under his arm, being something done up in his old cotton handkerchief as an outer wrapping. This being carefully removed, as he sat on the edge of an offered chair, disclosed a paper bag, which in turn being opened revealed a living lobster, which Chailey shot out upon the carpet with an air of triumph, while the girls recoiled in fright, until he showed them how securely he had tied up his "tee," as he denominated his claws. He had caught him over night and brought him around for our supper, if we would accept the gift. We put him at ease with honest and profuse thanks and then he launched out on lobster fishing, its perils and pleasures, interspersed with personal recollections of sundry mishaps in the shape of savage nips from formidable claws; "creels" torn up by the rudders of passing herring boats; and finally the discovery of the telegraphic cable to Norway, which starts at Peterhead and which in his lobster fishing he found bent around a sharp granite ledge, in a position soon to be worn in two by abrasion from the action of the waves if not removed; of which he gave due notice at the head of office. And so he chatted away for a pleasant hour and then took a reluctant leave.

The lobster "creel" or basket is about the size and shape of a small clothes basket, with a flap-door near the top for taking out the captured crustacean and at the bottom hole, 4 or 5 inches in diameter, arranged precisely as in a rat-trap, with sharpened canes instead of wires, slanting funnel-wire, to a smaller circle near the bait. Once in, the lobster goes crawling everywhere in search of an outlet, but at this point of entrance. The creel is baited with bits of fish. They are sunk near the haunts of the wary crawlers by the ledges of rock, where they love most to congregate. Chailey always describes a lobster as "swimming after his tail," which we thought a capital way of telling it.

I am so glad to write that our dear sister Noble is not only not dead, but now out of danger—raised up by the LORD after the doctors had definitely and repeatedly pronounced her "hopeless." It was a resurrection and they could only stare in scientific astonishment and own the power of God. "Noble William" is hard at work in Moody's big tabernacle, which he uses on the unoccupied Saturday nights for mass temperance meetings. I have no doubt the LORD will do a grand work through him, for he has the gospel "by the right handle" and is now a workman "needing not to be ashamed." Help us to praise the LORD for Sister Noble's recovery.

We leave some one else to harvest our sowing in Peterhead. The work among the saints has been glorious and we are more than glad we came. The chief worker was Bro. William Smith, who was the solitary convert of a day's work by Moody, in Peterhead in 1874. But it was a grand day's work; for this dear young man went right to saving others and for 9 years has been a most indefatigable "fisher of men." He is looking forward to a visit to America on an evangelistic tour soon. If no other good

had been done, to have instructed such a dear fellow-laborer "in the way of the LORD" more perfectly, would have repaid us richly for coming. But he has associated with him a noble band of workers, who have all been equally blessed. One of them, who will be prevented from coming to the closing meeting, by unavoidable duties elsewhere, wrung my hand last night as he said good bye and added in clear, ringing tones, "I will meet you in the air." After the bible reading yesterday, while Marie went in one direction to visit a patient, I went with good Bro. Stephen (most faithful and dear fellow-laborer), to visit a fisherman in Rhondda, whom I found ready to trust the LORD for healing. After appointing him, with prayer, we came out of the end of the street upon the North Harbor. The angry sea and the black storm-clouds almost frightened me to look at them. The danger signal (a great, black bell upon a flag-staff), was up, warning vessels not to attempt the North Harbor entrance. What a wild scene it was!—nothing short of diabolical—and I trembled as I gazed out to sea, lest I should see some belated fisherman's smack beating in to port from the fury of the fierce gale. Praise the LORD, nothing could be seen but the lucky waves, foam crested and dashing against unyielding rocks instead of beating out human lives. But I realized afresh the pathetic side of these rough lives about me; and preached better for that look at the hungry sea, as I faced several hundred of the men thus exposed daily to death upon it. O, how unreal everything seemed, except the "eternal shore" and the "new heavens and new earth," wherein "righteousness" is to dwell and where there shall "be no more sea." We will always praise the dear LORD for sending us to Peterhead and to be lovingly remembered by these simple-hearted fisher-folk as they overhaul their nets or "cast them into the sea," or sit in the family circle, will always be a joyful thought to us. We can never forget them and I hope they can never forget us. George has painted, in one color, a sketch of the town and South Harbor, with the wreck, the old whaler, "dying game," with nose defiantly pointed seaward, which I show away among my few "art treasures," rough and imperfect as it is.

DEC. 5.—The meeting closed with a house too small to hold the congregation, and one of the churches in town dismissing its Wednesday evening service to give the congregation a chance to attend at Topping's Hall, a concession speaking volumes for the revolution in public sentiment since the meeting began; 35, only, for soul and 19 for body—but the LORD has given us a foothold in North Scotland that will lead to grand future results. Ever in Jesus,  
GEO. O. BARNES.

Only a Mock Marriage.

Among the passengers on the steamship State of Nebraska, was a pretty woman, Mary Blake, who showed much tenderness to a sick woman and baby who accompanied her. The sick woman told the following tale: "My name is Katie Blake and I am from Scrabally, in the County Cavan, Ireland. I don't think that any girl ever started out in life with brighter prospects than I. I was the pet of my parents and even before I was of age I received several splendid offers of marriage from wealthy farmers in the neighborhood. I was so frequently told of my beauty that I looked with disdain upon the offers of those worthy men, foolishly thinking they were not good enough for me.

"While out riding one day my horse ran away, and I was saved from death by a man named John Wilson, the steward for the rich Dr. Robinson, justice of the peace for the county. I thought it was very romantic. He appeared to fall deeply in love with me and we met frequently. It was not long before I fell deeply in love with him, and when about six months after our first meeting he proposed marriage to me I eagerly accepted. He made me promise, however, that I would not speak of our engagement, as it would injure his prospects with a maiden aunt, from whom he was expecting money after her death.

"I consented to this proposition, but when he proposed a secret marriage I refused. He would not abandon the idea, however, and at last I yielded to his city tongue. I consented on condition that our marriage should be made known at the end of a year, whether his aunt died or not. He was satisfied apparently, and one attorney night we were married. That was about a year ago, and until two months since I was the happiest woman in the world. Then my little boy was born. My husband now changed toward me and one night he told me he had deceived me by a mock marriage, and that I had better come to America.

Heart broken I returned to my father, as he supposed from a visit to a friend, but when I told him my story he drove me from the house and said he wished never to see my face again. My sister Mary pityingly would not desert me. She left the house with me and we sailed a few days later in the State of Nebraska."

"On finishing her sorrowful story the poor woman fell back exhausted. Superintendent Jackson caused her removal to Ward's Island with her child, where she now lies in a critical condition. Mr. Jackson states that should she recover he will send her back to Ireland. The woman, although wan and pale, shows traces of extreme beauty.—[New York Journal.

Ghost Stories.

In Olney, Ill., the apparition of a woman six feet in height, wearing burial clothes, was seen sitting on the steps of the Moravian church recently as the congregation was dismissed.

M. Umphrey, who lives in a house in Steffensville, Mo., once occupied by a suicide, says he was visited a few nights ago by a ghost that revealed to him the hiding place of a valuable diamond ring. The ghost told him, he says, to look under the floor at the bottom of the stairway. He looked there and found the diamond ring. There is said to be a haunted house in Silver street, San Francisco, occupied by a man named Roberts. He says the doors are opened by unseen hands, the lights are suddenly extinguished in one of the rooms, picture frames move on their hangings, there is loud knocking on the walls, and the piano plays "Shall we gather at the river?" in the still hours of night.

In Bergen county, N. J., is an old stone mansion said to be visited regularly by spirits. Recently, while the family were awaiting the return of one of their number at midnight, a noise as of a falling body was heard in a room across the hall. The hall was brilliantly lighted, yet upon opening the door the inmates heard the heavy step of a man, who seemed to pass by the door and walk down the stairs. When the unseen man seemed to be about half way down stairs the noise of a person falling and rolling to the bottom was heard. A murder was committed in the kitchen of the house about twenty years ago.

Ten years ago seven young women at a Halloween party at Montreal agreed to meet on the same evening ten years after, the stipulation being "dead or alive." Four years ago the originator of the plan died very suddenly. The others survived, and at the recent Halloween anniversary a chair was left vacant for the missing one. The chair was draped in black, while on the table in front of it were some withered flowers from the grave of the dead girl. The Montreal Gazette thus concludes the story: "The young lady next to the chair spoke of a strange nervous sensation, but this was not thought of at the time. After tea they started for the parlor, the young lady last mentioned leading the way and carrying in her hand the bunch of withered flowers. When she opened the door she cried, 'Look! Look!' and pointed to the parlor, where she saw distinctly a tall white figure standing at the door. She who had first seen it retreated quickly, and was just leaving the dining room by the side door from that room to the hall when she again saw the figure, and her cry brought three of the others to the door and all saw it glide quickly along the hall from the parlor door to the door leading to the street, which seemed to open of itself and close after the figure had passed through."

The latest Chicago trick to get a drink free is for a man to step up to a bar with a quart bottle of dark green glass and ask for a quart of "the best." After the bottle is filled he will find he has no money. If he can not get trusted the liquor will be poured out, but in the bottle a dry sponge has been placed which has absorbed enough to make one or two good sized drinks.

Mexican banana planters get three crops a year. The plant is cultivated far more easily than any grain or tuber in the northern latitudes, and the fruit is more nutritious. Those unhappy persons who suffer from nervousness and dyspepsia should use Carter's Little Nerve Pills, which are made expressly for sleepless, nervous, dyspeptic sufferers. Price 25 cents, all druggists.

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great many people in the world who  
not intolerable disagreeable are, never-  
less, as disagreeable as circumstances  
y.

The three men charged with outraging Miss Emma Bond in Illinois, have been acquitted, although she swore positively to their identity. There are now doubts as to whether she was criminally assaulted.

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